



estates. I affirm, however, that they are qualified for immediate possession, and for immediate enjoyment in degree. I think I may affirm more than this—that immediate restoration of the estates is the very first true and proper preparatory mean for the full enjoyment of them. It is the grand restorative, which is essential to the efficiency of all other measures. It is the main spring which is to give force to the whole machinery designed to produce the grand result. The simple announcement of the fact to the Bond family, that the estates are their own, will inspire them with a new principle; a powerful stimulus to vigorous and persevering effort in the use of all means for the full enjoyment of the inestimable blessing. A small part of the vast amount of interest due from the Freeman family may be cancelled by their combined faithful efforts to enable their brethren to make constant progress in their ability to enjoy their restored possessions.

[To be continued.]

[For the Liberator.]

CONNECTICUT COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

MR. EDITOR.—As I have never seen in your paper, any account of the meetings of this Society, and as I deem it to be very important that your readers should be enlightened as to what Colonization is in this state at the present time, I forward to you my notes of the Annual Meeting recently held at New Haven, for their edification. It seems now to be generally known that Colonization in different latitudes is essentially different. While at the South, it is a safeguard of slavery—at the West it is a missionary association—in the middle States, a relief from the evils of a free colored population, and at the North, a plan for the abolition of slavery. The record of the present meeting is, in my view, mainly valuable as containing sundry important concessions and confessions—which I trust were made in a right spirit, and I fervently hope will be received in a similar manner. The spirit of the meeting was of a more mild and pacific character, than any which I have witnessed on a similar occasion. There was evidently an agreement on the part of the speakers to exhibit a spirit of frankness, and to abstain from vituperation. This arrangement the speakers had grace given them to adhere to in the commencement of their addresses; but alas for Mr. Bacon! his infamy did break forth towards the last of his speech, and Dr. Fisk was also overcome by temptation. But we hope these brethren will be encouraged in their resolution to reform, notwithstanding their partial failure at the present time. You will allow me, sir, as I proceed in my report, which proposes only to give you the substance of the remarks made, to make a slight commentary, occasionally, for the general good.

The Rev. Dr. Day took the chair, and the meeting was opened with prayer by Dr. Skinner, of Andover. The Dr. prayed that God would direct the meeting—abolish slavery—and unite the friends of the oppressed—but nothing about Colonization. [The Dr. probably felt that ‘whatsoever is not of faith, is sin.’] The Treasurer then read his report, by which it appeared that the Society had received during the past year \$144,43 1-2, and had a balance remaining of \$6091.

Rev. J. Bacon, in the absence of the Secretary, then read the Annual Report, consisting principally of two documents, viz. the report of the Delegates to the Annual Meeting of the parent Society at Washington, and the recent address of the Board of Managers of the American Colonization Society, to the people of the United States. It was remarked in the report, that the funds of the Society had increased during the past year—[i. e. during the year rendered famous by that great Colonization exploit, the passage of the *Black Law*]. It also appeared that hereafter the Society was going to do something—during the past year they had had no agent in the field. Mr. Bacon remarked *extempore* while reading the report of the Delegates—of which he might say ‘*quoniam magna pars sui*’—that they went to Washington to effect improvements in the Parent Society. By this document it appeared that the American Colonization Society was in debt nominally about \$40,000, but that would not kill it. There were some legacies yet to be received, amounting to about \$15,000, which would probably be applied to its reduction, and besides, the Society had a great deal of land in Africa which they might sell for more than sufficient to pay it! The causes of this debt were also set forth. It further appeared that a great reform had been effected in the Society, &c. Its settled policy is hereafter to be, to make Africa so attractive, that the colored people will wish to go there. [Wonder what is to confer this magnetic power upon the colony? Is the climate to be improved? or are the hospitals to be made more comfortable?] The Report said nothing about the *how*, as far as I can remember.]

Dr. Webster then moved the acceptance of the Report, in a brief speech. He thought it was very unfortunate, that there were *Achans* in the camp. [The venerable gentlemen did not, however, state who or what these Achans were. This was left to be inferred.] He thought there was no incompatibility in the two societies moving together. Their objects were distinct. The Colonization Society was a great auxiliary to the Missionary enterprise, particularly in reference to Africa. *Africa is a continent which has laid in Barbarism ever since the creation.* [Quere de hoc—What sort of a people were the Egyptians—&c.; or did they live before the creation?] He thought there was great propriety in sending the colored people there, because they could go without exciting prejudice among the natives; and as Christians, cultivators, &c., they could do well. Christianity and civilization always go together. It was his opinion also, that the Colonization scheme was the only effectual one to put an end to the slave-trade. We have no power which can control European governments, and to prevent their participation in it, the expense would be very heavy if we were to send a sufficient force to suppress the trade. It can only be done by planting Colonies along the coast.

The Rev. J. Bacon then offered a resolution to this effect—That the American Colonization Society is worthy of the continued co-operation of the people of Connecticut. [Great weight must be given to the following statements as coming from the great *Coryphaeus* of Colonization in Connecticut, a man who owes his intimacy to a great extent, to his exertions in this cause, and who had the advantage of being in cabinet secrets for a long time.] Mr. Bacon said—That he had made the principles and conduct of the Society, a subject of careful investigation during the last few months. The result of this investigation was, that he was now better satisfied with the Constitution, &c. than ever before. Such is the state of the controversy concerning the Society now, that an irresistible defence can be set up. The Society has been remodeled. A new board has been appointed. It now consists of 15, instead of 45 members, and now they are responsible to an Annual Meeting consisting only of Delegates from Auxiliary Societies and Life members. This new board are worthy men, of high character in every point of view. He would only mention one—and relate a fact which would show what sort of a man he was. He referred to the Hon. Walter Lowrie, Secretary of the Senate. He gives \$1000 per annum to the Western Foreign Missionary Society, and has also contributed his son to the glorious work of evangelizing the world. This gentleman is the main spring of the Board. [What has become of Gen. Jones? There can be no doubt that Mr. Lowrie is a most excellent man, but is it not possible that he may be mistaken?] Mr. B. saw while at Wash-

\* How shall we reconcile this statement—and the assertion that Africa has laid in barbarism ever since the creation—and the historical fact that at one time in Africa, a single sect of Christians numbered 270 bishops?

ington, a letter from a widow in Liberia, to the Board of Managers, which stated facts of a deplorable character. This woman keeps a boarding house for captains of vessels, mates, &c. The letter was carried into the annual meeting, and repeated so that the worst should be made known; as he knew there were reporters there. The object of the letter was, to purchase of the board a piece of land, of about an acre, near a river where the fishing was good, for which she offered \$30. And this was evidence of the worth of land, as she set her own price. [Mr. Bacon did not say whether she stipulated for the exclusive right of fishing in this place. If there are much fish on that spot, it must indeed be worth much money, if the accounts of the scarcity in Liberia are to be depended on. But for any body to suppose that land in Liberia is worth \$30 per acre, is downright absurdity. Though Mr. B. did not assert, yet the tendency of his remarks was to lead to the conclusion that the current value of land per acre in Liberia, was as stated above.] The morals of the colony are as good as could be expected, considering the previous situation of the colonists. The missionaries say that the greatest prevalent vice is extravagance in clothes, furniture, &c. All the horrible stories about the licentiousness, &c. are not true. Concerning Mr. Brown, who was recently examined in Chatham-street Chapel, a missionary who came home in the vessel with him told Mr. Bacon that his character was good; and that Mr. Brown told him (the missionary) that he should never have returned from Liberia, but for the reason that his wife was discontented there. Mr. Bacon told this to an abolitionist, who replied—that Brown had told him, that all his interests were in Liberia. [This confirms what Mr. Brown said in his examination.] Mr. Bacon took occasion to say, that he did not doubt that abolitionists were very benevolent. [Does Mr. B. still think that they have a design to make their party a political one? or does he now think they have recovered that ‘common sense’ of which he declared at a public meeting in New-Haven, a short time ago, they had ‘taken leave’?] There had been said, he misrepresentations on both sides. The Managers of the American Colonization Society had been too prone to show the best side of the picture. They have told the *truth*, but they were afraid to tell of the *disastrous circumstances*! [A lie is an intention to deceive, says Mrs. Opie. A course of conduct like this, here disclosed on the part of the Managers of the Society, needs no comment.] The representations of the Abolitionists have had *truth* for their basis, but have been plentifully garnished. From the death of Ashmun to Jan. 1, 1834, the colony has been in a regular decline! The administration of Dr. Meekins is a continued history of inefficiency! But Mr. Pinney, the present governor, is just such a man as Ashmun was; he has the confidence of the people, which Meekins never had. As proof of his efficiency he referred the audience to his despatches in the *African Repository*. Mr. B. said in relation to the anti-slavery excitement, that it was the result of Colonization principles. It was the sparks thrown off by the centrifugal force of the great wheel. The Abolitionists were men who must go for the *whole*, like the *ultra temperance* men who were referred to last evening. [Mr. B. referred to the meeting of the State Temperance Society, which was held the evening before, at which the opponents of wine-bibbing, cider-tipping, &c. &c. were turned into ridicule by Dr. Hewitt, the apostle of Temperance!] It is excellent company to be in, Mr. B. Abolitionists will be duly sensible of the compliment. They glory in excitement. They are the effect of excitement, and not the cause, they are created by it. The Colonization excitement threw them up as exhalations—or scintillations. [What a cruel parent, then, must the Colonization Society be, to abuse her own offspring, as she has for two or three years past? With whom are they classed, who are ‘without natural affection’?] They are like the fly on the wheel of the chariot, existing in the dust they make! The pigeons, said Mr. B., by leaving England, and colonizing this country, conferred a great blessing on America, and we their descendants are now spreading the light of Liberty over England. Just so will it be with the people of color; as they emigrate to Liberia, they will bless Africa, and being elevated there, the reflux influence upon America, will tend to make the colored man more respectable, and teach him to respect himself. [In running this analogy, Mr. B. ought to have begun at the beginning, and shown that the two cases were parallel in this respect, viz. that *Oppression* was the grand cause in each case of removal, and his simile would in my estimation have been greatly improved—immaculate as the inquiry might have arisen in some minds whether it was absolutely necessary for us to pursue a course of conduct, which, though God might overrule it for good, was in itself considered decidedly wrong.]

Rev. Dr. Fisk next addressed the assembly; and proceeded to second the resolution, in which he heartily concurred. It was a fact that benevolent men had opposite views in relation to the colored population. It seemed to him, that the opposition to the Colonization Society was predicated on the ground of its hostility to Emanicipation. If he believed that this was the character of the Society—he would oppose it too. [Wonder if the Dr. read the account of the last annual meeting. Did he ever read the Address of the Society to the States. A. R. vol. 2, pp. 57, 60.] But he resided in 1816—17 in a slaveholding community and associated with men who were slaveholders from principle. This was about the time when the Society was first talked about. The scheme was opposed by these slaveholders as a scheme for the abolition of Slavery. This first called his attention to it and awakened his interest. He has not had a doubt since then, nor has he now, that his *direct tendency* is to promote Emanicipation. Nobody can read the *African Repository* without seeing that it is opposed to *slavery in the abstract*. And this periodical can be circulated in the slave States when Abolition pamphlets cannot be. It was reasonable to suppose then that it would produce a good effect. It was painful to him to speak of men of reputed benevolence and intelligence, when he was obliged to oppose them. If the Abolitionists had not attacked the Colonizationists they would not have attacked them. It appeared to him that they had attacked the Colonization Society because they could not find any thing else to attack in this part of the country. They had got their gun loaded and they must fire it off—and as they could not reach the slaveholders with their ‘long Tom,’ they fired at the *Samsons*, who with their firebrands are setting fire to all the foxes’ tails which have taken refuge in their disorderly encampments.

Having, therefore, either conquered or so weakend the outposts that it is of little importance to devote much more time and labor to them; it is necessary now to attack the inferior castle, which consists of two apartments—the exterior carries a flag inscribed, ‘Slavery established by law,’ and in the center is another on which banner is written, ‘Slavery justified by the Christian religion.’

All efforts, said Mr. B. to overthrow slavery will be comparatively ineffectual until we shall have ejected Satan from this strong hold. We must strip the field of Slavery of his Christian name and garb, and expose the mystery of iniquity without disguise to the detection of all good citizens. Our object therefore is to demonstrate that Slaveholders and a profession of Christianity are utterly irreconcileable; or that a Slaveholder’s profession of Christianity, like that of all other thieves, is palpable hypocrisy.

Mr. Bourne then proceeded to contrast the spirit and requirements of Christianity with Slavery in its essential character and with practical results. He enforced, at the close of his argument, the duty of refusing all Christian communion with slaveholders,

the Gospel, who told him, that the colored people were on the *point of rising*! and one of them had said to his informant, that he would make every white man *get down on his knees to them before long*. [Could the Dr. suppose that any of his intelligent audience, could entertain so mean an opinion of his judgment, as to imagine that he believed this raw-head and bloody bones story which is too ridiculous to be repeated in a hurry. If he did, I envy not his humility. He knows, moreover, or ought to know, that the colored people of Boston never entertained a thought of *rising*. In the place where he resides, you cannot now find fault with a domestic, but he will feel himself insulted. The presentation which is made of Colonizationists, as very unfriendly to the blacks, was a libel on their character. They are the friends of the colored man. And he cannot see how those who make this impression, can answer it to their conscience or their God. [And yet they are benevolent men!] Men are converted to abolition ranks, in a novel method now-days—but he could never be converted in that manner. They were driven off of their own ground by force and arms, or by argument at least, and then they thought they must go over to the other side.]

[What the Dr. saw in this manner of conversion which was so remarkable did not appear.] It was said that the Colonization Society was morally annihilated, because the colored people would not go to Africa. But this is not the fact—they will go when you make Africa attractive to them. [Yes—no doubt—when—As Colridge says—

‘Ah, woful when!

Ah! for the change twixt now and then!]

The meeting was then adjourned to meet the next evening, on which occasion, if any thing remarkable should occur, you shall hear from me again. By this imperfect but candid and impartial account, you may perceive how the handmaid exhibit herself in Connecticut. The Baroniens are peculiarly valuable as an authentic statement of facts in relation to the Colonization Society. Let a few more such secrets of the prison house be revealed, and the Society’s epistle is written: it will fall like Lucifer never to rise again.

T. D. L.

BOSTON.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1834.

REV. MR. BOURNE’S LECTURE.

The meeting of the NEW-ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION was opened by a preliminary discourse, according to appointment, on Monday evening, May 26, on ‘the inconsistency of Slaveholding with a profession of Christianity,’ by the Rev. George Bourne, of New-York; of which we are told, ‘the *whole* *ultra temperance* men who were referred to last evening, [Mr. B. referred to the meeting of the State Temperance Society, which was held the evening before, at which the opponents of wine-bibbing, cider-tipping, &c. &c. were turned into ridicule by Dr. Hewitt, the apostle of Temperance!] It is excellent company to be in, Mr. B. Abolitionists will be duly sensible of the compliment. They glory in excitement. They are the effect of excitement, and not the cause, they are created by it. The Colonization excitement threw them up as exhalations—or scintillations. [What a cruel parent, then, must the Colonization Society be, to abuse her own offspring, as she has for two or three years past? With whom are they classed, who are ‘without natural affection’?] They are like the fly on the wheel of the chariot, existing in the dust they make! The pigeons, said Mr. B., by leaving England, and colonizing this country, conferred a great blessing on America, and we their descendants are now spreading the light of Liberty over England. Just so will it be with the people of color; as they emigrate to Liberia, they will bless Africa, and being elevated there, the reflux influence upon America, will tend to make the colored man more respectable, and teach him to respect himself. [In running this analogy, Mr. B. ought to have begun at the beginning, and shown that the two cases were parallel in this respect, viz. that *Oppression* was the grand cause in each case of removal, and his simile would in my estimation have been greatly improved—immaculate as the inquiry might have arisen in some minds whether it was absolutely necessary for us to pursue a course of conduct, which, though God might overrule it for good, was in itself considered decidedly wrong.]

The first or most advanced redoubt is named ‘*African Ouran Outans*’ bearing a flag with this inscription, ‘Negroes are little better than brutes.’ This fortification has been assailed and vanquished; and the guns within have been turned upon the Slaveholders, for they have been confounded with the return shots of their own artillery pouring upon them their volleys of truth, that the brutality and ignorance of the colored people are the result of the deprivation of knowledge, and the misery inflicted upon them by the Slave Dealers.’

‘The second tower,’ said Mr. B. ‘is called

‘*Dangers of Emancipation*,’ with a flag on which is marked—‘Set the Negroes free, and they will cut your throats.’ The besiegers of this fortress have almost demolished its walls; and are long will level the whole, while its mischievous defenders, if they do not decamp, will be buried under the ruins.

The third tower,’ continued Mr. B., is domed ‘*Indignation*,’ with a flag carrying this motto—‘Do you wish your daughter to marry a Negro?’ This fort has been defended by a body of troops who value a man’s rights, intellects, usefulness and soul, according to the straightforwardness of his hair, the sharpness of his nose, the thickness of his lips, and the complexion of his skin. The motley horde of comical creatures who were quartered in this tower have quailed before the loud blast of the gospel assailants, and so strong has been the attack by the combatants for truth, that the maintainers of it are now abandoning their post, and after a few more harmless shots of falsehood and imposture, puny as a pop-gum’s noise, they will yield their station to the triumphant Abolitionists.

The fourth tower, added Mr. B. is named ‘*Colonization*’ with a flag on which is inscribed—‘Send the Negroes back to their own country.’ This redoubt is upon the hill, and is long will level the whole, while its mischievous defenders, if they do not decamp, will be buried under the ruins.

‘The fifth tower,’ said Mr. B. ‘is called

‘*Oppression*,’ with a flag on which is inscribed—‘Send the Negroes back to their own country.’ This redoubt is upon the hill, and is long will level the whole, while its mischievous defenders, if they do not decamp, will be buried under the ruins.

It has been recently discovered that the

Commanders and the troops in this fort have been long indulging themselves in undisciplined idleness and riotous living; so that they have squandered the contents of their money chest, permitting their provisions to rot, and blown away their gunpowder in noise and merriment, as if no enemy besieged them; and being now entirely

so weakend the outposts that it is of little importance to devote much more time and labor to them; it is necessary now to attack the inferior castle, which consists of two apartments—the exterior carries a flag inscribed, ‘Slavery established by law,’ and in the center is another on which banner is written, ‘Slavery justified by the Christian religion.’

Having, therefore, either conquered or so weakend the outposts that it is of little importance to devote much more time and labor to them; it is necessary now to attack the inferior castle, which consists of two apartments—the exterior carries a flag inscribed, ‘Slavery established by law,’ and in the center is another on which banner is written, ‘Slavery justified by the Christian religion.’

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of ejecting all slaveholding preachers from the pulpit, of adhering to gospel dictates upon this subject, and of spreading the light and the truth, since it cannot be done by preaching, through the medium of the press.

After the collection was taken up, Mr. B. added a short illustrative fact of Gabriel Everett, a Methodist Preacher, who once told a slaveholder, at a Love Feast, when he was attempting to clear his voice that he might address the people, ‘That is right,’ said Everett, ‘hawk those negroes out of your throat, before you begin to talk about religion.’ Upon which the large assembly retired amid an uproar of applause.

NEW-ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

Agreeably to public notice, the Convention, composed of delegates from various anti-slavery societies in the New-England States, and of the friends of immediate emancipation, assembled at Boylston Hall on Tuesday morning last, at 10 o’clock.

The Convention was called to order by Rev. E. M. P. Wells of Boston, and opened with prayer by the Rev. John Blain of Pawtucket, R. I.

The following gentlemen were appointed to act as a Committee of Arrangements—Messrs. George W. Benson of Providence, Samuel E. Sewall, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and James G. Barbaude of Boston, Wm. Oakes of Ipswich, Joseph Healy of Pawtucket, and Charles Follen of Cambridge.

The following gentlemen were appointed, by nomination, officers of the Convention:

PRESIDENT.—Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY, Brooklyn, Ct.

VICE PRESIDENTS.—Rev. JOHN BLAIN, Pawtucket, R. I.

WILLIAM OAKES, Esq. Ipswich, Mass.

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## LITERARY.

[For the Liberator.]

## THE WOODS WANDERER.

Day after day I wandered on, alone.  
The stricken heart is fearless, and the woods,  
Amidst whose far-stretched depths, a solemn moan  
Of winds was ever sounding, and whose floods,  
Poured midst unbroken solitudes, had ceased  
To waken me to terror. I had learned,  
E'en when no moon beamed the pale night clouds  
  fleeced;

To thread their trackless mazes, while I turned  
For guidance to the stars that high above me burned.
They who have never seen the broad blue sky,  
Save through the smoke-dimmed air of crowded  
  streets,

Can never know how very gloriously

It breathes o'er the wilderness, and meets

The tall boughs of the mountains. It must be

The veriest clod that wears a human form,

Whose round him those majestic wilds could see,

And o'er his head the eagle and the storm,

Nor feel a nobler pulse within his bosom warm.

I had laid down to slumber—but there came  
A sound that night upon the fitful wind,  
That kept me wakening. No electric flame  
Flashed o'er the heavens—yet my thoughts could  
  find
No sound more like to it, than the low growl  
Of worn-out thunder; wrapt in thought I lay,

With nature's glory telling to my soul

Of God's own presence, till the coming day

O'er the far orient stole, to light me on my way.

I stood at sunrise where lake Erie's wave  
Caught on its bosom crest the rosy light;

All round was solitude and silence, save

The voice of Nature's joy. Against the bright

And nearly sky, a thin, blue, smoke curl rose

From the far shore, and floated on the air,

And the slant sunbeam might to view disclose

One distant pirogue that the waters bare;

All else was lone and wild as it was lovely there.

Still sent that deep sound forth its solemn tone,  
Louder, and louder, as I onward fare,

Northward, where Niagara led me on,

Over tangled brake, and green, and flower-strewn

sward.

At length I reached the spot—and such a sight!

Even now the wild blood rushes through my brain,

And my heart reels with faintness, as the light

Of memory restores that scene again,

And paints it to my view as I behold it then.

Broad, dark, and deep, the river hurried on!

Pouring the volume of its mighty flood

Right to the yawning steep!—no pause—down—

down

The gathered sea was hurled!—half stunned I stood

Upon the shaken earth, and almost wept

With awe and fear and admiration, wild

And passionate!—like clouds on high were swept

In spray the shattered waves; while bending mild,

Over the turbulent gulf a gorgeous rainbow smiled.

The sun went down on that vast solitude,—

And underneath the solemn stars, alone

With God and his stupendous works, I stood;

Where, since their first creation, haply none

Save the rude India erd had trod or gazed

On that magnificence! to earth I bent

My hunched brow, yet with a soul upraised,

And conscious of a nobler being, bent

By the felt presence of the great omnipotent.

E. M. C.

[From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.]

## THE BRIDE.

The bridal veil hangs o'er her brow,  
The ring of gold is on her finger,  
Her lips have breathed the marriage vow,  
Why should she at the altar linger?

Why wears her gentle brow a shade,  
Why dim her eye, when doubt is over,  
Why does her slender form for aid  
Lean tremblingly upon her lover?

Is it a feeling of regret,  
For solemn vows so lately spoken?

Is it a fear, scarce owned as yet,  
That these new ties may soon be broken?

Oh no! such causes darken not

The cloud that's swiftly passing o'er her;

Her 's a fair and happy lot,

And bright the path that lies before her.

Her heart has long been freely given

To him, who, now her hand possessing,

Through patient years has fondly striven

To merit well the precious blessing.

It is the thought of untried years,

That, to her spirit strongly clinging,

Is dimming her blue eye with tears,

And o'er her face a shade is flinging.

It is the thought of duties new;

Or wishes that may prove deceiving,

Or all she loves, and all she's leaving.

It is the thought of by-gone days,

Of them, the fond, the gentle-heated,

Who meet not now her tearful gaze,

The dear, the absent, the departed!

Oh! who can marvel that the bride

Should leave the sacred altar weeping;

Or who would seek those tears to chide,

That fresh and green her heart are keeping?

Not he, who, with a lover's care

And husband's pride, is fondly guiding

Her trembling steps; for he can share

The gentle thoughts that need no hiding.

Sure love for him those tears will chase,

And smiles re-light her eye with gladness;

And none will blame, who truly trace,

To its pure source, her transient sadness.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

## MELODIES FOR MIDDLE AGE.

I almost thought the days were past

Of those alternate hopes and fears,

Which did their light and shadows cast

On other scenes, of other years,

And that the world would henceforth wear

The sober garb of worldly care.

I thought that, now, life's sluggish stream

Was all too dark and cold to bear

Pictured, as in a poet's dream,

In short, I thought that it was plain

I never should be young again.

For there is not a certain age,

When all that charmed when life was new,

Is blotted from that dreary page

Which grows more dull, yet not more true,

And still in fiction leads us on,

When all its gay romance is gone?

I thought so once; but those dark eyes—

(With them we must of course begin,)—

Their smiles, like cloudless, happy skies,

Worthy of martyrdom to win—

That lovely form, whose sylph-like grace

Vies with the wither'd of that face—

And more than all, those accents sweet,

Which those brighter graces tell,

Where wit and trust judgment meet,

And gayest fancy loves to dwell,

Teach me that much may still survive

The wintry hand of Thirty-five.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## THE YOUNG WIFE.

The young wife should remember that she has chosen her own lot in life, she has connected it with her husband, and if by decree of an all wise providence, he becomes embarrassed, it is her duty to aid him by her kindness—not to matter or oppress him by ill temper. Upon the male sex, the task of providing the means of subsistence is, in civilized society, almost exclusively imposed; and consequently when they become distressed, and have not wherewithal to provide for their partners, they suffer doubly. They have not only their privations to regret, but yours also; and the world's town, and the world's—oftentimes unjust—causes fail exclusively upon the husband. The wife can hide herself from the world, but the husband must face its pride, its prosperity. May all young wives be permanently prosperous; but for their own sakes, and for the honor of womanhood, we admonish them not to let adversity, should it unfortunately lay its iron hand upon them, induce them to depart from the affectionate conduct, in word or deed, which we owe to our husbands, and conduct themselves in such a manner as to do away with the truth of the old proverb:—When poverty comes at the door, love flies out at the window.—*P. Liberator.*

**Funeral of Mrs. Burns—Exhumation of the Poet's Skull.**—The Dumfries Courier of April 9th, contains a long account of the funeral and interment of Mrs. Burns, widow of the poet, on the 1st, in St. Michael's church-yard, Dumfries, and of the exhumation of the Poet's skull, which took place on the previous day. The following description of the skull is from the pen of Mr. Blacklock:

On Monday night, 31st March, 1834, Mr. John M'Daniel, Mr. Adam Rankine, Mr. James Kerr, Mr. James Bogie, Mr. Andrew Crombie, and the subscriber, descended into the vault of the Mausoleum for the purpose of examining the remains of Burns, and if possible procuring a cast of his skull. Mr. Crombie having witnessed the examination of the bard's remains in 1815, and seen them deposited in their present resting place, at once pointed out the exact spot where the head would be found, and a few spades of loose sandy soil being removed, the skull was brought into view, and carefully lifted.

The cranial bones were perfect in every respect, if we except a little erosion of their external table, and firmly held together by their sutures; even the delicate bones of the orbits, with trifling exception of the os uringi in the left, were sound and uninjured by death and the grave. The superior maxillary bones still retained the four most posterior teeth on each side, including the dentes sapientiae, and all without spot or blemish. The incisors, canines, &c.; had, in all probability, been wrenched from the mouth, and who, it is said, was formerly a sailor, and who has been engaged in painting the roofing on the steeple of the Dutch Reformed Church. Not content with the task required of him, which was comparatively safe and easy, he, on Monday last, ascended to the figure of the fish, which is at an elevation of 150 feet from the ground, and standing upon it, placed his cap upon the ball which surmounts the spine. The fears of a large body of spectators were now sensibly excited for his safety; but their apprehensions were doubled, when he deliberately stretched himself at full length upon the Vane, holding by one hand to the upright bar on which it was supported. To a landsman, it was a terrible sight. To him, however, it doubtless only brought to mind the recollections of the danger of the sea. He descended in safety.—*Frederick Examiner.*

**Crowded Profession.**—When Mr. H. was admitted to the bar as a practitioner at the Court of Common Pleas, his friend Col. W. inquired of him where he was going to settle. He replied that he knew not; the profession was so crowded, there was but a poor chance for him. 'Do you know of any place Colonel, where I may earn enough to get my bread?' 'Why, no; lawyers are as plenty as military officers, who are so thick that you can scarce move a rod without bumping upon one. I think there is no great chance for you; but stop, let's see, it may be there is a chance.' The man was all attention and expectation. 'You will oblige me, my dear Colonel, by informing me, 'Well,' said the Colonel, 'as I observed there may be, possibly a chance for you at one place, and only one within my knowledge. I purchased a little piece of meadow last week, about three acres, and I have not yet heard of any one's locating himself there.'

**Having completed our intention, the skull securely enclosed in a leaden case, was again committed to the earth precisely where we found it.'**—*Archdale Blacklock.*

Dumfries, 1st April, 1834.

**Expedition to the Niger.**—Fresh advices have been received from the indefatigable Lander. He had returned to the coast the second time, for the purpose of procuring goods for the markets on the river. He had ascended the Niger into the interior of Africa, and had been up to the Tshadda, a branch of the Niger, 150 miles. Mr. Laird, who accompanied the expedition, has arrived in London. He relates that they found a city called Nunda, on the Tshadda, which contains 50 or 70,000 inhabitants. The walls are 20 feet high. The king is a brutal savage. He has in his seraglio 1500 women. He detained the English, and would not let them return, pretending to be influenced by the gods. He said the gods had been frequently consulted, but they would not give a favorable answer. Laird took advantage of the king's superstition; told him he would send a messenger to the gods, and if it burned blue, it would be an indication of a favorable reply. Laird sent up a blue light, which made such an impression on the king that he released the party. The slave-trade is carried on up and down the Niger. While Mr. Laird was up the river, about 1000 of the people of Nunda made an excursion along the bank of the Niger, and sacked the country far and wide. Their object was slaves and booty. They make pipes so long that they can smoke when riding, with the bowl of the pipe resting on the foot. They are ignorant of distilling, and have not yet acquired a taste of rum. At one place on the Niger, the priests sacrificed a human victim, and threw the body in pieces into the river, to prevent the English going up; the ignorant natives thought this would put a stop to their progress, and were much disappointed, when they found the incantations of the priests of no avail.

**Wedding rings; and the ring finger.**—The wedding ring is worn on the fourth finger of the left hand, because it was anciently believed that a small artery ran from this finger to the heart. Wheately, on the authority of old missals, calls it a vein. 'I is,' he says, 'because from thence there proceeds a particular vein to the heart.' 'This indeed,' he adds, 'is now contradicted by experience; but several eminent authors, as well gentiles as christians, as well physicians as divines, were formerly of this opinion, and therefore they thought this finger the proper to bear this pledge of love, that from thence it might be conveyed as it were to the heart. Levi-Lemnius, speaking of the ring finger, says, 'that a small branch of the artery and not of the nerves, as Gellius thought, is stretched forth from the heart unto this finger, the motion whereof you may perceive evidently in all that affects the heart in woman by the touch of your fore finger. I used to raise such as are fallen in a swoon; and they are soon restored.'

**To preserve Books.**—A few drops of any perfumed oil will secure libraries from the consuming effects of mould and damp. Russian leather, which is perfumed by the tar of the birch tree, never moulders; and merchants suffer large bales of this leather to remain in the London docks, knowing that it cannot sustain injury from damp. This manner of preserving books with perfumed oil, was well known to the ancients. The Romans used oil of cedar to preserve valuable manuscripts. Hence the expression used by Horace:—*Digna cedro*, meaning any work worthy of being anointed with cedar oil, or in other words, worthy of being preserved and remembered.

**St. Louis**